

The AULD CL

A SCOTS SONG.

IN Winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
And Boreas, wi' his blais fac bauld,
Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill;
Then Bell my wife, who loves nae strife,
She said to me right hastily,
Get up good man, save Cromy's life,
And tak' your auld cloak about ye.

O! Bell, why dost thou slight and scorn?
Thou kenst my cloak is very thin;
It is so bare and overworn,
A crike, he thereon cannot rin.
Then I'll nae langer borrow or lend,
For ance I'll new apparell'd be,
To-morrow I'll to town and spend,
For I'll hae a new cloak about me.

My Cromie is an useful cow,
And she's come of a good kine;
Aft has she wat the bairn's mou,
And I am laith that she shou'd tyne;
Get up good man, it is fou time,
The sun shines in the list sae hie!
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was aye a good grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But, now its scanty worth a groat,
For I hae worn't this threty year;
Let's spend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll die;
Then I'll be proud, since I hae sworn
To hae a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
His trews they cost him ha'f-a-crown;
He said they were a groat o'er dear,
And ca'd the taylor thief and lown;
He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou'rt a man of laigh degree;
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak' thy auld cloak about thee.

Ev'ry land has its ain lough,
Ilk kind of corn has its hool;
I think the warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule;
Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantly,
While I sit hurklen in the afe?
I'll hae a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis threty years
Since we did one another ken;
And we hae had between us twa,
O' lads and bonny lassies ten;
Now, they are men and women grown,
I wish and pray well may they be;
And, if you prove a good husband,
E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife;
But she wad guide me if she can;
And to maintain an easy life,
I aft maun yield, the' I'm goodman;
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea;
Then I'll leave aff where I hae been,
And tak' my auld cloak about me.